Prof. W.H. Parker.

VOL. XII. NO. 3.

THE UNDERGRADUATE.

FOUNDED IN 1875.

Middlebury College, December, 1886.

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MIDDLEBURY:
REGISTER COMPANY, PRINTERS,
1886.

Middlebury College,

FOUNDED IN 1800.

THE COLLEGE is finely located in the midst of a beautiful park in the village of Middlebury, Vermont The locality is healthful, and the College offers the advantage of thorough instruction at a moderate cost

The requirements for admission and course of instruction are as follows :

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION.

LATIN.—Latin Grammar, including the Rules of Prosody and Scanning; Cæsar's Commentaries, three books, or Sallust's Conspiracy of Catiline; Cicero, six orations, including the four against Catiline; Virgil, six books of the Æneid; Arnold's Latin Prose Composition to the VIIth Chapter, or Allen's to the 24th Lesson.

GREEK.—Greek Grammar; Xenophon's Anabasis, three books; Homer's Iliad, two books; Jones' Greek Composition, twenty lessons.

Ancient and Modern Geography, Greek and Roman History.

Arithmetic; Algebra through Quadratics and three books of Wentworth's Geometry.

Real equivalents will be accepted in place of any of the Latin or Greek authors named above.

GENERAL INFORMATION.

Instruction is given chiefly in connection with text books, but in each department lectures are given by members of the Faculty.

In the study of Chemistry unusual facilities are offered. Each student is expected to do practical work at the table, furnished in a neatly fitted and well-equipped Laboratory.

In Natural History, besides the text-book exercises, frequent dissections are made before the class pursuing Zoology. Field work is done by the class in Botany, and expeditions into the surrounding country by the class studying Geology. A herbarium is prepared by each student of Botany and prizes are awarded for the best collections.

An extensive and completely arranged Cabinet of rocks, minerals and fossils is designed for the constant use of the class in Geology.

The Cabinet and Museum contain a large number of specimens, and are designed especially for the use of the classes in Natural History. The specimens are all placed under their respective classes, are newly arranged in the new cabinet, and are conspicuously labeled.

The College Library contains 16,000 volumes, and a permanent fund has been recently established for its enlargement. The books are conveniently arranged in the new library room and are open to the students from 12 to 2 o'clock every week day.

A College Reading Room, free to all, has periodical literature on file.

The instruction aims to be practical as well as theoretical, and for this reason, in Surveying and the use of the Transit, field practice is given.

There are also numerous prizes offered for excellence in the different departments. These, in connection with the liberal aid by scholarships furnished to those whose circumstances require it, render the tuition of many practically free, and no young man of energy need be deterred by financial considerations from entering the College.

Board at the Boarding Hall for $2.00 per week.

CALENDAR.

1886. Sept. 9.—Fall Term begins, Thursday.
Dec. 21.—Fall Term ends, Tuesday.
Winter vacation of two weeks.
1887. Jan. 6.—Winter Term begins, Thursday.
March 22.—Junior Exhibition, Tuesday evening.
March 22.—Winter Term ends, Tuesday.
Spring vacation of two weeks.
April 7.—Spring Term begins, Thursday.
June 21—Annual Examination begins, Tuesday.
June 26.—Baccalaureate Sermon and Anniversary of the Y. M. C. A., Sunday.
June 28.—Anniversary of the Associated Alumni, and Prize Speaking, Tuesday.
June 29.—Commencement, Wednesday.
Summer vacation of ten weeks.
Sept. 8.—Fall Term begins, Thursday.

For Catalogue and any information, address

EZRA BRAINERD,

Middlebury, Vt

The Undergraduate.

VOL. XII. MIDDLEBURY, VT., DECEMBER, 1886. No. 3.

THE UNDERGRADUATE

Published Monthly During College Year.

J. T. CLARK, '87, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
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F. C. LANGWORTHY, '87, *Personals.*
E. D. HOWE, '87, *Town and Campus.*
R. H. LANE, '88, *Exchanges.*
B. J. HAZEN, '88, *College Notes.*
W. S. EDGERTON, '88, *Sporting and Plunder.*

E. L. ALLEN, '88 *Business Manager.*

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Address all communications to EDITOR UNDERGRADUATE, Middlebury, Vermont. No anonymous communication will be noticed.

Address all business communications regarding subscriptions or advertisements to the Business Manager.

EDITORIALS.

THE time has come to say a few words about our college boarding house. With thirty-four boarders against twenty-three of last year, the question arises, will the necessarily increased friction be so great as to overcome the momentum gained by last year's successfut management? Can thirty-four boys be trusted to manage a business that last year cost at least $2300, and this year will amount to $3000? Can thirty-four boys, full of energy and fun, each one anxious to tell all the others the latest "gag," and with all that steam to blow off which accumulates under the restraints of the class-room, come suddenly together from their different rooms and dine together in a dignified, gentlemanly manner? It will be proven to any doubting Thomas that will come in and dine with us that we do make of our boarding club a financial and social success, and we hasten to warn all our friends that any rumors to the contrary are false and started by enemies.

Some rumors have come to our ears derogatory to our claim of being gentlemen. We think they arise mainly from attempts among ourselves to make some needed changes, and the causes for those changes have been talked over on the street and elsewhere and hence these rumors. Some foundation there is perhaps for these rumors in two or three thoughtless acts which have taken place lately. But even gentlemen are human, hence prone to err. That any act of wilful malice has been committed in the boarding house or out by the college boys we deny. This term promises to pass away without any of those outbreaks common to our colleges. We assure our friends that a right public spirit is daily, as we believe, growing stronger here, and though the experiment of allowing the students the management of the boarding hall has caused at times great anxiety, yet it is slowly reacting towards a better spirit in the college, and will so work that the only office of the faculty will be that of instruction and counsel.

THE Boston press, represented by the six leading dailies, employs forty-two journalists who are college graduates from fourteen colleges.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

Is not this a very low average to each newspaper? There are thirty college educated men on the Sun's staff.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The above is interesting to all those victims of youthful ambition which leads them to assume the duties of editors on our various college papers.

Horace Greeley had great contempt for college graduates, and insisted that the only reason they sought positions on newspapers was because "they had, not ideas whose repression meant death, but stomachs which demanded filling."

Times have changed and the man with a stomach to fill can fill it, provided he has the alertness and coolness to recognize amid the din and babel of a Broadway what will supply the American desire of hearing or seeing something new. The young man just taken on to a paper and seeking for his first item, who saw some workmen hoisting with a frayed rope

blocks of marble to the top of a building, in process of construction, and who sat down note book and watch in hand waiting for the inevitable "casualty," in time no doubt grew up to a good position. The great success of the New York *World* is due to the way in which its management size up the popular demand and supply it.

Chas. F. Thwing in his little book on American colleges says that "The college paper serves as an admirable training school for professional journalism. The merit of their editorial work on a college paper has won for not a few students on their graduation, a position on the staff of a New York or Boston paper."

The increasing number of college periodicals is a straw indicating the growing tendency of college men to cultivate acquaintance with the vagaries of popular fancy, and to enter from the commencement stage the sanctum of some paper.

PRESIDENT McCOSH, of Princeton college, has sent the following letter to the presidents of the different colleges:

PRINCETON, Dec. 6, 1886.

We are now in lull between the games of 1886 and 1887. We have leisnre to look back on the past and forward to the future. We have come to a crisis. It is time to meet it if we are to keep up the character of our colleges in the view of parents and the community generally, and to make them places of high education where cultivated tastes and refined manners are acquired. I think the colleges on the eastern seaboard should come to an understanding with each other. It is their duty at present not to cast reflections on each other, but to unite to correct the abuses which have sprung up in connection with these public games on holidays, where we are in danger of having all the evils of our horse races, with their jockying, their betting and drinking. I venture to suggest that the colleges interested meet by representatives and agree on some simple restrictions which will admit of our receiving all the benefits which may be had from manly exercises, of which we highly approve without their incidental eviis. I propose that Harvard, as the oldest of our nuuber, be invited to take the lead in this matter and call us together, and I for one will feel bound by the decision come to. I have taken this initiatory step solely because I am now one of the oldest (if not the oldest) of the presidents in the colleges interested.

JAMES McCOSH.

The Thanksgiving day football game, between Yale and Princeton, was undoubtedly the immediate provocation of this earnest appeal. The letter reads like an awakening alarm from Laird McCosh to the clan of college presidents for a council of war, to consider how they may withstand the encroachments of their underlings upon their powers, now that winter has caused a cessation of their aggressions; a cry for them to shake out their kilts and prepare to swing their claymores in a wider circle. It is polemic and ominous. It means war between college authorities and the seemingly more and more powerful element in colleges, pushing athletics to the fore, which Dr. McCosh recognizes as no mean enemy.

It seems reasonable to suppose after a little time for calm survey that the cry which has gone up in horror at the game at Princeton, between the "young animals" from Yale and Princeton, as the *Independent* sees fit to call them, is a good deal wind, and vain; a great smoke for a little fire. It has become the fashion to give the Thanksgiving day game the character of a prize fight; the papers encourage and make capital of the superstition. The report of the game in question, which the great dailies without exception gave, making it out a wild *melee* of individual fights and hard hitting, as if the game were only an excuse for bringing eleven champions of Yale partisanship out against a like number from Princeton, and letting them have it out with their fists, are palpably overdrawn. They are denied by both colleges, students and faculties, and by reliable spectators. They are in the line of a comic paper's exaggerated satires, such as Puck's representation of an American college commencement stage a century hence, where pugilism carries the day, and graced with the classic benison, "*Soc et Tuum.*"

But it is a pity if as Dr. McCosh intimates, this fierce rivalry in athletics is to have the effect of making bad blood among colleges. That is wrong on the face of it. If athletics have gained such ascendancy as to control college feeling, and not character for learning and culture, the two features of a college have taken on wrong proportions. Is it the case, that, given an inch, college boys have taken an ell in their indulgence in sports, forfeiting the confidence of faculties? If it is, they cannot complain if their privileges are restricted.

IN response to the request of the *Tuftonian* of December 4, for an expression of our opinion as to the time and place of holding a convention of editors of New England college papers, such as that paper proposed last spring; The UNDERGRADUATE has already expressed its concurrence with the *Tuftonian's* proposal, believing that a convention would have such a vivifying influence on college journalism as always results from a movement toward co-operation and mutual encouragement among those who have common interests at heart, and with the common aim of their

promotion. The UNDERGRADUATE is agreeable also to the *Tuftonian's* suggestion that the initiatory convention should be held at Boston toward the end of the current year. Boston is a central point. If thought advisable however, the convention can be transferred each year to suit different elements. We do not name any exact date, but will be glad to second any the *Tuftonian* may propose.

We may add one thing; if a permanent association is effected it will give the body of college editors greater recognition, and if the movement is signalized by an effort to raise the standardof college journalism and a manifestation of serious purpose, it will make easier the step to journalism outside the college world.

WHY do so many students, instead of looking eagerly forward toward their graduation, anticipating pleasure on release from college, prefer not to think of that coming time, and constantly try to push it further into the future? No doubt this is partly due to the attachment and affection for this busy, yet easy, care-free life and its associations, yet these same men, I take it, would be quite ready to leave the old college as the time for their departure draws near, if the paths they are to follow the remainder of their lives were only as clearly marked out and visible as were the coming four years on the day they entered. Uncertainty, then, explains in part, but this cannot be all, for everyone, nearly, college man or not, has the very same thing to meet. But the college graduate has an experience similar to that of no other class. He must bear the burden of an unjustly-placed responsibility, the result of a customary but wrong way of looking at things. Here we find the real difficulty. He comes from college and takes his stand in the world; people turn expectant eyes upon him, demanding, and they think with justice, some great revolution or advancement in affairs (their idea being frequently as vague as it is persistent). Of this advancement he is to be the instrument; at the very least he must make himself a model. Their scrutiny of the college graduate is accompanied by none of the allowances attending the scrutiny of other men. The result is that unless he makes a hit by some uncommon stroke of good fortune, this inflated opinion, which it is the fashion now-a-days to form of college men. results too often in contraction, unmerited depreciation, or collapse.

In reality, does the environment of the college graduate, all things considered, essentially differ from that of his non-collegiate brothers? So far as capability for real activity is concerned, he is no better fitted to meet the world than the man who has not received an academic training. This is by no means depreciating the worth of such a training. Certain lines of work require it, and it brings moreover, a sufficient amount of pleasure and culture to warrant its being taken. But this is not the point. Given a collegian and a non-collegian for convenience supposed to be of the same age, what is their respective fitness for business, using the term as distinguished from profession? Why should we assume a better qualification for the college man, who for four years has been buried in college life, while our representative of the other side has been so employed that from a business standpoint he is precisely four years in advance of his college friend? Again, the college man is no better fitted for a profession than the other is fitted for business. Owing to the difference in the character of business and professional work, a college training may be regarded as merely a needed preparation for putting professional men on an equally advantageous footing with men of business.

It would be of advantage to college men, if people would use a little reason in considering their case, look at things as they really are, and remove from their shoulders, in part at least, the burden of a wrongly-placed responsibility.

LITERARY.

A GREAT SOCIALIST.

THE name socialist has become so odious, because of the crimes committed in its name, that the American people through Judge Gary have proclaimed that the penalty is death. To rank as a socialist, therefore, the author of Roman and Teuton, Hypatia, Alton Locke, and Hereward, books that delight our imagination and stimulate our love of truth, seems almost blasphemous. And yet that noble, heroic Christian gentleman was a socialist. For all that Felden, Herr Most, August Spies and Parsons would quickly find a great difference between their creed and acts and the creed and life of Charles Kingsley. They start with Nihilism as their watchword, and success would give them a state of society similar to that existing in a pack of wolves. The strongest wolf is gorged with the most carrion. He held the cause of the poor to

be the cause of Almighty God, and that as he says, "I assert the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is to preach freedom, equality and brotherhood in the fullest, deepest, widest meaning. Thus there are two freedoms—the false, where a man is free to do as he pleases; the true, where a man is free to do as he ought."

In 1848 the Chartist agitation came to a head and burst, and was followed by the great movement toward association, which resulted in trades unions and co-operative societies. For eight years "Parson Lot" worked day and night, in season and out, preaching politics from his pulpit (he a clergyman of the church of England !) and giving sermons to mobs of men who hated the church, clergy and Bible with a bitterness which is startling. He attracted more attention during those eight years than any man of his time, and also more abuse. The very men he was trying to aid were his bitterest detractors, and those he fought writhed under his treatment, and heaped calumny upon his head. But Charles Kingsley was a born fighter, and like all men who enjoy hunting, fishing and field sports, he had the keen enjoyment there is in fighting.

Read Hereward, the Saxon, and see how he enjoyed writing about fighting; often when reading it the martial scenes rise before us, and we hear the roll of the oars, and the deep shouts as the galleys round a point and tawny haired Vikings see before them their enemy.

What fun we all missed by being born in the nineteenth century. Great sport it must have been to have roasted out those fat old Norman monks, and to have chased the deer with bugle and horn through Sherwood forest. Ah, me ! What a vivid picture of those old days is Hereward, and what men lived then.

With the degeneracy of the people of 48—56, Kingsley took into account the fact that these same people had in them much of the pluck and manhood of their ancestors, and his soul was moved within him when he saw the woe, want and hopelessness, that the lower classes of England were sinking into. The Saxon in him rose up, and right manfully did he fight.

He got his name of "Parson Lot," from finding himself, like Lot of old in the "cities of the plain," in a minority of one.

Kingsley soon found, to use his own words, "That telling people what is right won't make them do it, though that ass the world has quite forgotten it, and assures you that dear sweet 'incompris' mankind only wants to be *told* the way to the millenium, to walk willing into it—which is a *lie*. If you want to get men, if not to heaven, at least out of hell—kick them out."

Competition attracted his attention, and he found that it steadily consumed the workmen, next the middlemen, and he got so excited over it that he finally expressed it as his belief, "that the work of ages would go down before the increasing pressure of the competitive Democracy of the United States."

He believed in co-operation and Christian socialism, and lived to see some of his schemes given a fair trial and many of them proven very good theories, impossible to reduce to practice.

When the smoke of the battle had cleared away, he saw that mankind had taken a step forward and upward, and rejoiced at it. And though he was greatly vilified by all parties, yet when everything seemed going wrong, the out door life he was so very fond of, came to his rescue, and gave him a fit of optimism. I think it applies to our own troubulous times, so I quote, "All men worth anything, old men especially, have stray fits of optimism—Carlyle had them—because we can't help hoping and occasionally believing that the world is going right, and will not go your way, nor my way, but its own way. Yes ! we've all tried our Halloway's pills, Tom, to cure all the ills of the world, and we've all found by this time, that the tough old world has more in its insides than any Halloway's pills will clear out."

Kingsley's opinions of the social anarchy of modern times are found in Alton Locke, a fascinating and vivid reflection of life among the slums of London. Roman and Teuton, a series of lectures while he was lecturer at Cambridge, should be read by all who aspire to know the history of the middle ages. When he died in 1875, England lost a great man. The scene at his funeral was most touching. The dignataries of church and State vied with representatives of Trades Unions and co-operative societies, in honoring their mutual friend. Around his grave were the hounds and horses which had delighted his manly soul, and even the gypsies, who, distrustful as they are, yet trusted him. And the mourning of whipper-in or prelate was alike sincere. Honest, bluff, manly Saxon ! *Requiescat iu Pace.*

THE SUMMER WANDERERS.

A WEEK or more ago, as I started down town from Starr Hall, I was accosted, in incoherent words, by a strange and not very tidy looking individual.

After thrice asking him to repeat, I learned that he wished one of my old pairs of "pants."

Informing him that I had none good enough, I passed on, reflecting upon this summer wanderer as an unnecessary adjunct to the human race. But is he not really more a man than his brethren of steady habits and solid revenues?

This nomad of the country roads is more akin to the birds, who are now silent or busy in hasty preparation for flight southward.

He too, is migratory. He came too with the swallows and has outstaid them. He is more like primitive man, and his dress is not much of an improvement on the coats of skins, the Almighty made for his first children. Neither does he find much more labor necessary to his support than did the original pair. He seems to copy the methods and manners of Milton's poetic creation and lies under the branches during the heat of day, and at evening comes out to seek his food. I cannot find it in my heart to hate the tramp. Have I not envied him? What an eye he has for scenery. I have driven along our most beautiful drives in Central New York and come upon him in a shady nook. He had found the coolness of a roadside wall. He reclined at ease with his bundle under his head for a pillow. Across the valley he gazed on the waving brown corn, a church in the distance, and in the foreground a herd of cattle standing in the shallow river, lazily whisking flies with swinging tails. He is as much a part of the scene as the golden rod, the cattle, or the buzzing insects. And not long since, on one of these fine autumn mornings, as I sat in my room writing, I heard a strain of music mingling with the undertones of the full, ripe day. It seemed to melt into the golden sunshine and sift through the shining leaves of the campus trees. Shall I be ashamed to admit that I lay down my pen and listened and let the fine suggestions of the luscious morning and distant strains of "Sweet Violets" win me from my work? It is the notes from harp and violin and the hour and the atmosphere that makes them sweet to me. I know that swarthy hands cause the strains, that soon one, swarthier than the rest will defiantly pass his woe-begone hat for loafing nickles, and that this group are also on their way cityward. Thus we moralize on the fading leaf, the departing swallows and God's migratory children who come and go with the flowers.

They were parts of the summer and we will miss them as we do the green and red of leaf and blossom, and will wait and hope for the general springtime.

THE BUCKING BRONCHO.

THE fall-round-up starts along towards the middle of September and a very important factor on the round ups are the horses. Each outfit has its bunch, or, more technically, its remonda of horses, each man having a string of from six to ten horses, which he rides exclusively.

Until the opening of the round-up, the horses have had a comparatively easy time during the summer; they have become very fat, and look and feel in splendid condition.

Thus early in the season, the mornings in Montana are frosty and they appeared all the frostier at the early hour in the morning, when we were accustomed to rise. At breakfast the stars shone as brightly, as on any of our finest midnights. (This is one of the disagreeables on the round-up; like that other man, I never did enjoy getting up in the middle of the night for refreshments). However, there is no time to express your likes and dislikes. Before breakfast is fairly swallowed, you hear the night wrangler coming with the remonda; soon their arrival is announced by his gruff cry, "Horses," and out you must get in a hurry. It is just the place to put a man to cure him of his whims and notions. He has to learn to adapt himself to circumstances, whether he will or no. He may be desirous of doing a thing right away and not be able to do it for a week, and the opposite is just as liable to be the case.

It is short work for every man to rope his horse,and a little later, with perhaps a little coaxing and careful manipulation, each horse is saddled. But, for the same reason that makes you, of a morning, hop around, knock your toes, blow on your fingers and stick them in your pockets, these little pieces of horseflesh, at such a time, make some very queer demonstrations and you are inclined to say, with that other fellow, before the performance is over, "Little, but Oh! Lord."

There is a sort of prevalent idea among a good many, that these horses, one and all, are equally bad. This, however, is not the case. Though all are born with the bucking quality innate in them, they outgrow it to some extent and only the younger and unbroken portion, called bronchos, are to be feared as a general thing.

When the mount is about to take place, the men are divided in little knots and a few are scattered away by themselves, busy with the animal to be ridden. Upon such, the attention is more likely to be directed, for the fact that they are thus separated signifies that they expect a little fun this morning. A good many remarks are offered on the part of the others, which do not tend to allay this feeling in the least, and which are something after this style: "Your'e going to get it this morning, Jim"; "He's waitin' for ye" "That horse has got a bad eye, this mornin', Jim, look out for him"; "I say, Jim, got yer will made?"; "Keep clear of the prickly pears"; "Better pick a soft place to get on, boy." These remarks he turns off as best he is able and weathering the various side smirks and glances proceeds to get on, calling to a companion near by, to come and herd him, (that is, to keep near him on another horse and guide his own horse away from danger, as much as possible.)

With perhaps considerable trouble, he finally mounts, and often before his feet are in the stirrups, the bucking begins, an almost indescribable process and not fully appreciated until witnessed or experienced. (I was perfectly contented with the former.) Thunder and lightning! what kind of a motion is this? Up in the air, feet, four feet from the ground, his back in the shape of a letter A and returning to terra firma with a grunt from man and beast that shows the shock had its effect: up again, head down, tail up and down again, tail down, head up; then he proceeds to change ends faster than you can possibly record by means of any visual apparatus yet invented, snorting and grunting, meantime kicking and pawing with all his force. Next he changes his tactics, by whirling around in a circle the size of half a dollar, then suddenly stops and goes the other way quite as fast. But then, my friends this is nothing; the fun begins when weary of this position, our "broncho" sets to work in earnest, by making complexity of motions doubly complex, as he unites these previously described gyrations into one grand phenominal double-acting phase of locomotion. When this begins, it is not uncommon to lose entire sight of horse and rider, as by the rapidity of his movements he fades away in a sort of black cloud, putting to blush any of the instruments in the physics room used to show color, resulting from swiftness of motion and discounting any series of machinations ever devised to obtain complexity. When he quiets down enough for you to distinguish horse and rider, if they are still together, by this time the horse has had enough of it in that particular spot, so that he starts off on a flying circuit. And the rider is again saluted with a volley of cries like "Stay with him," "Set him plenty," "Rowel him deep" etc. And these directions, if he is a good rider, he certainly obeys, for as his horse goes plunging and pitching along, jumping bushes, rocks and ditches, dodging stumps etc., carrying him into very dangerous places, he sets up straight, giving him the spurs, quieting him, slapping him on the head with the most apparent unconcern imaginable. After this ordeal is gone through with, the successful cow-boy comes back with his vanquished animal, reeking with sweat and ready to do a good day's work. He dismounts with a satisfied air of having accomplished his purpose and watches the next man, who may not be so fortunate in sticking on.

So the bucking horse. as a principal feature in the cow-boy's life, forms a deal of diversion and a great topic of conversation, for all the falls and mishaps and the famous riders must be talked over in turn and many a man in Montana owes his local reputation to the fact that he is a great "broncho-buster."

COMMUNICATIONS.

[The editors do not assume responsibility for the sentiments in the Communication Column.]

A SCHEME FOR SECURING TRUE TIME IN MIDDLEBURY.

Editors of the Undergraduate:

What is needed at the present day is, first, a brief, comprehensive and easily understood scheme for reducing to one standard the times of Middlebury; and, second, a simple statement showing how that standard is in agreement or disagreement, as the case may be, with the outside world. This paper has only undertaken to do the first; it is hoped that some one may develop the subject hereafter, *pro bono publico*.

In the good old days when every clock was a law unto itself a discrepancy between the farmer's clock and the parson's time-piece made very little difference. If the farmer came late to church, there was time enough left to sit and shiver with cold; time enough to draw the contrast between his present state and that which, according to the discourse, would soon be his; if he came early, he would credit himself with the extra time and "cut" some future service. But in these days, when every one, everywhere, must be on time, it has become necessary to establish some recognized standards. Owing to the great distances between these standards, as well as from other causes, there still exist slight discrepancies. Especially is this the case in Middlebury.

It is necessary, in the first place, to take some one of the standards as a basis of comparison. For several reasons it has seemed best that the college bell should be taken as the starting point. For one thing, we have a good historical example. The world for ages regarded the earth as the centre of the universe and its most important factor, and believed that the movement of the heavenly bodies derived from the earth whatever power and usefulness they had. And, for man, it *is* the centre; "where Macgregor sits *is* the head of the table." Why, then, should not every one regard the College bell as the accurate chronometer?

They tell us that Marshall's regulator will furnish us railroad time. Away with it! A standard must be heard rather than simply seen. Having accepted our starting point let us proceed to study the Roman Catholic bell—a widely followed standard, especially in the western part of the village. The formula of reduction by which any particular hour, say six o'clock p. m., may be translated into the time of our accepted standard has been carefully developed. It stands as follows: $\frac{T}{T} = \frac{m\,a\,D}{t\,Vd}$. The bell in question in its indication of hours differs greatly from an ordinary clock. It revels in a system of three strokes and a pause, three strokes more, and so on for three times, closing with a series of ten strokes. This is its invariable way of indicating six o'clock. In our formula T stands for the true time, *T* for the church time, m the mysticism of the three strokes and the doubt as to whether the exact instant of the completed hour is at the beginning of the first three strokes, the middle of the second or the end of the third. D stands for the distance from the college, t is the difference in the tone of the two bells, and a is the mass of people dependent on the bell for time; d, finally, is the density of the air. The formula for the town clock is $\frac{T}{T} = \frac{D\,o\,K}{h\,w}$, where *T*, T, D are used as above, o is the amount of oil used in the machinery of the clock, K the time of the week, h the humidity of the air and w the velocity of the wind. As Marshall's time varies but little from Brewster's, I give one statement for both: $\frac{T}{T} = \frac{D\,K\,f}{Vw\,n}$; T, *T*, D and K are used asabove and f is the modulus of the inaccessibility of the regulator (a prominent factor, especially at night). The expressions *V*w and n can be easily inferred.

Yours for science,

CHRONOS.

A WORD FOR THE BOARDING HALL.

Editors of The Undergraduate:

I beg a bit of your space (which I should like to see taken up more by discussions of college matters, in the way of "communications") to say a word with regard to the Boarding Hall. I do not wish to aggravate matters, nor make it appear that there is any great occasion to write on this head; only to pour a little oil on the waters, no matter if it be no more than the man you want to borrow of has in his can, as the trifling disturbance from the wind that was raised the other day has nearly subsided. The word "wind" expresses my mind. Any scandal of the Faculty or disaffection of the students at the conduct of the Boarding Hall is the result of a gratuitous expenditure of breath, town gossip which might better be ignored, than by its recognition given any satisfaction to its meddlesome spirit and invidiousness. The report is current I presume from what I hear, that the Boarding Hall is not properly managed, and its members misbehaved. I hear something about its being a "social failure." (Its financial success is indisputable.) This I take it is an echo of town tattle, a term that town gossips like to roll on their defaming tongues. But their judgment is not damning. In fact the Hall may consider itself honored by the application to it of the phrase tried by its formulator's standard of social success.

I never knew that the Hall pretended, or ever proposed, to be much of a factor socially, or that it was ambitious of implication with the town social standing, or held itself amenable to Mrs. Grundy's, (as the

town gives her her character,) proprieties. I thought it was independent of the town's social organism,and not liable to contagion from its chronic maladies or ill humors. I supposed it was a peculiar, separate community, just as the college, made up supposedly of foreign elements would hardly take upon itself or accept the name of a town institution.

As for the Club's being a social failure *inter se*, I wish to put my testimony in evidence on that question; and it commands a greater retrospection than a Freshman's.

I take it that such a boarding association, of boys, hardly men. is a peculiar community, and has its own proper regulations and rules of decorum, determined by mutual tolerance. Unanimity at least is secured by the common spirit for enjoyment, and yet the demonstrations of superabundant animal spirits are held in check by the soberer, more mature element. I will only say, without the labor of philosophical explanation, that aside from an exceptional display of greediness and impatient, animal-like apetites, and a possibly too-harsh crescendo of involuntary exclamations in the progress of a good story, with the final volleys of appreciation at the climax, and an occasional over-excitement about some current affair,—all we submit, peccadillos and prejudicial to no one concerned,—everything has gone smoothly in my experience. Any incipient insubordination has been nipped in the bud, and order has ruled.

I wish to show due appreciation, which perhaps all have not enough in mind, of indebtedness to the college for its backing of the club, and acknowledgment of its supreme authority in its control; but I protest against misrepresentation, and wish to prevent misconstruction. The club is particularly happy at present in the possession of a cook who is eminently the right person in the right place.

I wish to throw my evidence in with all that goes to show that, as valuable a feature as the Boarding Hall is to the college, there is no occasion to question its expediency or doubt its permanence. X.

FRATERNITY NOTES.

GOLLEGE BOYS BANQUETTING.

The members of the Delta Kappa Upsiilon fraternity of Middlebury College, fourteen in number, including several Freshmen initiated, and accompanied by former active member of the chapter, now resident in Middlebury, and J. C. Hubbell, Williams '85, of Crown Point, N. Y., had a grand banquet at a novel hour in Burlington, Saturday. During Friday night and the forepart of Saturday morning the Freshman members of the society were initiated, and the whole party took the 3:33 train from Middlebury for Burlington. Arriving in Burlington without accident the party were driven direct to the Van Ness house, where Landlord Drew had made excellent preparation for their reception and entertainment.

Waiting their arrival in Burlington were Messrs. C. R. Turrill, Middlebury, '73, D. J. Foster, Dartmouth, '80, and C. N. Church, Lafayette, '83, of Burlington. Mr. Perez Stewart, Columbia, '80, of New York had arranged to be present, but owing to an accident was obliged to remain away.

At five o'clock in the morning the party, 23 in number, sat down to dinner. The banquet was undoubtedly the most elaborate one ever served on such an occasion, in Vermont. It was about 8 o'clock a. m. when the banquet was ended.

When the feast was finished and cigars were lighted, Mr. Ford C. Langworthy, who officiated as toast master, rapped the party to order and called off the toasts. The toasts included, "Delta Kappa Epsilon" by Hon. J. M. Slade '67, "Red, Blue, and Gold" by A. T. Stapleton, '77, "Alpha Prime," J. A. Ellsworth, '86, "The Initiatsd," G. R. Wales, '87, "The Council," R. H. Lane, '88, "The D. K. E. Girls," R. M. Collins, '89, "The Haunted House," C. N. Pray, '90.

Beside the formal responses, speeches were made by Messrs. Turrill, Foster and Hubbell.—*Rutland Herald, Oct. 26.*

[Through a mistake the above was omitted from our last number.—EDITOR.]

The Delta Kappa Epsilon Whist Club gave a very enjoyable whist party at their rooms Friday evening, November 26.

The Delta Upsilon Fraternity have moved from their old quarters over the bank into a new suite of rooms in Vallette's block.

The following are the Fraternity initiates: *Delta Kappa Epsilon*—Class of '90, Haynie R. Pearson, Harry E. Owen, Arthur B. Pease, Adelbert A. Lavery, Albert D. Mead, Charles N. Pray, Geo. M. Groves. *Delta Upsilon*—Class of '88, E. J. Klock; class of '90, E. B. Clift, Leon White, Henry Goddard, June Mead. *Chi Psi*—Class of '90—Lucretius H. Ross, Maschil H. Lord, John M. Thomas.

PERSONALS.

The Alumni are requested to forward any information relative to former students at Middlebury which it may chance to be in their power to furnish.

'23. Rev. Lucius Linsley Tilden died at his home in Nashua, N. H., Nov. 10. Mr. Tilden was born in Cornwall, Vt., in 1802. After his graduation from Middlebury College he attended Andover Theological Seminary, was ordained in 1831 and was for ten years pastor of the West Rutland Congregational church. He then came to Midddlebury to become principal of the Young Ladies' Seminary, for which position his scholarly acquirements well qualified him. After twelve years work in this department, he went to Bethel, Vt., and from there to Washington, where he was employed many years in the Treasury Department and Congressional Library. Mr. Tilden was one of the College corporation from 1841 to 1875 and secretary from 1843 to 1851.

'38. Rev. Dr. Sunderland is said to have now a larger congregation than ever before at his Washington church.—*Free Press.*

'42. The recently organized Vermont State Board of Health held its first meeting at the Van Ness House in Burlington Dec. 7, for the purpose of outlining work, etc. Dr. C. L. Allen was elected secretary. By an act of Legislature the secretary is made executive officer of the Board. A portion of the secretary's duties are to report proceedings of the Board to the Legislature, and to assist the secretary of state in making out the report for State registration.

'45. Dr. and Mrs. J. Adams Allen expeet to leave for the continent at the close of the session of the Rush Medical College in February next, via Gibralter to Sicily, spending the winter there or in Rome; thence north to Vienna and so on. The Dr. is in feeble health and expects to remain abroad until September, 1887. Correspondence,in care of City Bank, London, England.

'68. His friends here have been pained to learn that Prof. E. H. Higley met with a serious mishap at his home in Groton, Mass., on Monday of last week. He had been out to the shed for an armful of wood, and, while going in with it, slipped and fell upon the piazza floor. His left shoulder received the full force of the fall, and was badly broken and jammed. The doctors are of opinion that it will be two months at least before he can again attend to his duties as professor of Greek at the boy's school at Groton, and organist of one of the principal churches of Worcester.—*Register.* [Prof. Higley is recovering and is now able to hear his classes.]

'74. Rev. Thomas W. Darling preached at the Congregatlonal church, recenly. Mr. and Mrs. Darling spent several days in town with relatives of Mrs. Darling.

'81. Dr. E. M. Parker of New Bedford, Mass., spent Thanksgiving in town with his father, Prof. Parker.

'82. C. D. Pillsbury has just started as a lawyer in the new town of Dighton, which bids fair to be the metropolis of Western Kansas. Mr. Pillsbury was one of the lawyers in a controversy concerning the union of Watson and Dightoa.

'82. The Rutland Herald of Wednesday has the following,which is of local interest. It may be added that the bride is a niece of ex-Judge Dunton, and is well known to many Middlebury people: "Dr. Carroll B. Ross of West Rutland and Miss Ada L. Dunton, daughter of Mr. W. H. Dunton, were married at the home of the bride on Grove street, yesterday, Rev. George W. Philips performing the ceremony precisely at noon. Mr. Jesse Stearns of Middlebury, a college class and room mate of the groom, was best man and among those present from out of town were Mrs. Gov. Ormsbee and Miss Freeman of Brandon, and Dr. L. D. Ross of Poultney, father of the groom. Dr. C. B. Ross is a graduate of Middlebury college in the class of 1882, and graduated at the Harvard Medical college last June. Miss Dunton was a member of the class of 1883 at Smith college, but leaving Northampton at the end of the second year, has been engaged in teacning. The married couple left for their home in West Rutland in the afternoon."

TOWN AND CAMPUS.

Tuques are the favorite article of head-gear among the students.

The reconciliation between co-eds and Sophomores is complete.

Mrs. E. B. Sherman of Chicago, Ill., is visiting her son who is a member of '90

Stratton U. V. M. '89 has accepted the position of

secretary of the Y. M. C. A. We wish him success in his efforts.

The junior class will publish a Kaleidoscope, have a class banquet and a junior Ex hop.

The questisn of a toboggan slide is being agitated in town. We hope it wilf be a success.

Wanted !—A scheme to supply the base ball management with funds. Don't all speak at once.

The upper classmen have decided to allow less familiarity on the part of the lower classes, preferring to reserve their christian names for their best girls.

Mr. E. J. Klock of the junior class at college is preaching for the Shoreham Congregationalists and Prof. Yager officiates at the monument church in Weybridge.

Prof. Yager delivered a fine sermon in the Congregationl church Sunday, December 12. He was greeted, in this his first appearance in the pulpit here, by a large number of students.

The college took a Thanksgiving vacation from Wednesday, Nov. 24, to Monday afternoon. The hour of morning prayers at the college has been changed from 7 :45 to 8 :15 o'clock.

Rev. Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, formerly of Middlebury, who went to Turkey as a missionary in 1838, recently addressed the society of inquiry of the Union Theological Seminary, in New York, speaking of the geographical, political and missionary aspects of the "Eastern question."

Prof. in zoology discoursing on the change of color of some animals to suit the surroundings : First Senior. —I have noticed Prof. that in winter rabbits change from a brown to a gray color : Second Senior.—And I noticed on last fourth of july that the rabbits were red white and blue. (Turning to class says.) Never mind I'm a liar like the rest of you.

The recently-organized Cooking club entertained its friends at Mrs. L. M. Seymour's, on Friday evening Nov. 19, with the presentation of Howels's farce, "The Register." The cast of characters was : "Miss Ethel Reed," Miss Daisy Edgerton ; "Miss Henriette Spaulding," Miss May Bolton ; "Mr. Grinnidge," Mr. B. M. Cooledge ; "Mr. Ramson," Mr. E. D. Howe. The acting was well done and drew out frequent applause. The audience included several members of the college faculty, a number of students and young ladies of the village.

The stove-pipe in the Sanctum of the Town and Campus editor is the delight and wonder of the college. A member of the mathematical class has counted the contortions of the pipe and found that there are twenty-one angles. Photographs of this wonder will be furnished for the small sum of twenty-five cents a piece. Owing to the extreme danger of its collapsing Freshmen are requested not to gaze on it over three minutes and to address it by its proper name. The only rival that this wonderful piece of architecture has is in the Brown Study.

The Kettledrum given by the ladies of St. Stephen's church, Wednesday evening, Dec. 15, was a complete success. A large number of holiday goods were sold in the early part of the evening, and refreshments served. Among the attractions may be mentioned the handerchief booth presided over by Misses Chapman and Mulcahey, and the Ladder of Fortune. About 9 o'clock, Howell's farce, "The Mouse-Trap," was produced. The part of Mrs Amy Somers was taken by Miss Chapman in excellent style ; Mr. Clark, '87 took the part of Willis Campbell with his usual success, and Mr. Howe '87 took the house by storm as Jane. Aftet the farce a large number engaged in an informal dance which was a great success. It is a pity we can not have more of these pleasant "hops" to vary our customary round of pleasure and duty.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Ex-President Porter of Yale is ill.

Yale's semi-annuals begin Dec. 12.

Oberlin is to hear Justin McCarthy, Jan. 12.

There are forty-two college graduates working on Boston papers.

Twenty per cent of the Freshmen at Yale use tobacco an increase of 4 per cent.—*Ex.*

Dr. Talmadge has been secured to deliver a lecture in Oberlin before the end of the term.

A new memorial window has been presented to Dartmouth, by Frederick Billings of Woodstock. Vt.

There are one hundred and four college graduates in the present House of Representatives at Washington.

The students of both Harvard and Yale are making efforts to have the period of the coming vacation lengthened.

They are discussing the question at New York University, whether Junior Ex. shall be revived. Its restoration seems to be favored.

It is enacted at Bates college that, "No student shall be molested by a fellow-student, on account of what he may wear or carry."

The base ball grounds at Williams will be called "Weston Field" in honor of Gov. Weston, who gave $3,500 for draining purposes.

The students of Bryn Mawr (Female) college, have decided, on recommendation of their faculty, to wear the Oxford cap and gown.

At Dartmouth a Dramatic Association has been formed, as a stock company with a capital of $600 divided into shares of $5.

At some of the colleges, the more valuable publications of the reading-room are sold, sometimes at auction among the students, and in other ways.

The students of the University of the city of New York, are soon to realize the benefits arising from holding examinations at the close of each term.

The Dartmouth grieves that ex-Senator Patterson was not appointed to fill the vacancy in the United States senate, as the college asked in a petition.

'88 of Iowa college will restore Junior Ex. from the innocuous desuetude into which it had fallen. Their petition to the faculty was granted. They will have eight speakers, four to be chosen by the faculty, and four by the class.

"The faculty have decided to make Junior Ex. a college, instead of a class exercise, and to preside over the same. This action is causing much dissatisfaction among the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes." —*Oberlin Review.*

President Eliot in a recent address said: Young men are deterred from entering politics, not because they are disgusted with what they see, but they have for the most part to earn their own living, and cannot run the risk of getting the insufficient pay which politics affords.—*Ex.*

Mr. Hill, the father of the student who was expelled from Dickinson college, has brought suit against the faculty, since they decided against reinstating him. The amount of damages claimed is $10,000. The other three young men who were expelled along with Hill, will also bring suit.—*The University.*

According to the *Tribune*, the bad state of affairs at Columbia arises from the meddling of the Trustees in President Barnard's business. The preliminary catalogue shows an increase of seven in the Faculty of the School of Arts. The total number of students in the School of Arts is two hundred and seventy-one.

Instead of the regular catalogue of 112 pages, there will be published this year at Yale a pamphlet of 300 pages. The enlargement is generally credited to Prest. Dwight, who is thought to have modeled the first guide book to Yale, issued during his term of office, according to the English University Calendars. The catalogue will bear the name of "Yale University;" it is expected to go into details which have never before been put in print.

Many of us were surprised, and no doubt downcast when we heard the new method of obtaining excuses for absence from recitation. In the Dean's office may be found a large volume containing each student's name, to whose exclusive use a page is devoted, and who is required to make entries as follows: date of application, date of absence, class exercise lost, total hours lost; and then follows a space for the Dean's entries. We predict less cutting.—*The Beacon.*

The students of The Northwestern University have taken measures for having their paper printed by the students themselves. Three students have agreed to invest at least $600,00 in a printing office, to be set up in some room of the university buildings, provided the authorities shall grant the use of it free of rent. They will pay the best prices to student compositors and will give $15 per term to the editor-in-chief. The stocks will be for sale in $10 shares after a year."

The executive committee of the American Protective Tariff League offers to the students of Senior classes in all American colleges a series of prizes for essays on the subject of the "Advantages of a Protective Tariff, to the Labor and Industries of the United States." Each essay not to exceed 10,000 words and to be sent to the office of the league on or before May 1, 1887. Awards to be made June 15, 1887, as follows: Best essay $250, next best $100, third best $50, and for other essays deemed specially meritorious, a silver medal. The league reserves the right to publish any of the successful essays and to include the first prize essay in the annual publications of the league.

On Thursday afternoon Dec. 2, there was given in

Appleton Chapel the first of a series of religious exercises that will be given every week hereafter. The new service is called a vesper service, and it occurs at 5 o'clock every Thursday afternoon. Thursday's service was the initiatory service, and unusual care was taken to make a good impression upon the minds of the students of the University. Five hundred students from all departments of the University were in attendance. The University preacher, the Rev. F. G. Peabody, Dr. E. E. Hale and the Rev. Dr. Gordon, of the New Old South Church in Boston. officiated. The venerable Dr. A. P. Peabody, so many years the University preacher, led in prayer. The Harvard Choir was assisted by the "Temple Quartette," of Boston, and the musical portion of the exercises was thus made as attractive as the Harvard student could wish. The success of the first vesper service renders it entirely possible that Harvard College may yet adopt the plan, so long desired by many of the students, of having the daily religious exercises of the college in the afternoon instead of in the morning, at least throughout the winter months. The success of the vesper service has called renewed attention to the success that "voluntary prayers" are having at Harvard. The severe critics of Harvard insisted that since Harvard was so godless a place the chapel exercises would soon be attended by only a very few students of ministerial proclivities. The contrary, however, has happened. The attendance has kept well up to 500 ever since the new system was begun. The exercises are growing more and more attractive every day. The system of short addresses to the students on vital topics, given by the famous preachers whom Harvard has called into her service, is drawing a larger number of students to the chapel every day. And the Wednesday evening receptions, given in the Wadsworth House by the resident preachers, are bringing these great preachers and the stu dents into closer and closer union every day.—*Tribune*.

EXCHANGES.

The *Colby Echo* is the first of our exchanges to come out wfth a cartoon.

The *College Mercury* would greatly add to its appearance if it would not give up the first page of its cover to advertisements. It gives a cheap appearance to the reliable paper.

The *Tuftonian* again brings up the subject of holding a convention of the New England college papers, and forming an inter-collegiate press association. As we have stated before, we think it a grand good plan, and approve of the *Tuftonian's* suggestion of holding it it during Easter vacation at Boston.

The Haverfordian made its appearance for December with a new cover, and is printed on extra good paper. In one of its editorials it takes a position concerning hazing, which, among people out of the college world and among some collegians is decidedly unpopular. Hazing in its worst form is admitted by every one, to be entirely barbarous, but when conducted within proper limits and administered wisely, it certainly teaches Freshmen their proper spheres more effectually. It goes on to say: "With the new men this year it has been found still more necessary, for since they were not only fresh from hazing but have been received with such open arms, and so generously feasted, many of them believe themselves the rightful lords of the whole college, and their wonderful conceit and self-importance makes them as ridiculous as they are pitiable."

In the Exchanges of *The Dartmouth* for November 4 we notice; "We receive with great pleasure the Amherst Lit., for October. Although it is excellent in every respect and a credit to the college, yet we hardly think it can compare with our own Lit." No conceit there.

The University Cynic gives up more than one-half a page to state and city laws concerning robbery, larceny, felony, etc. In years gone by, it was the custom on the first day of the district school to read selections from the Laws of Vermont; the very same ones that are reprinted in the *Cynic*, together with the Scriptures. From recent rumors concerning certain depredations committed there, we should suppose the corporation would ask the state for an extra police force *not* for the University but for the Agricultural Department.

The *University Quarterly* with its wonted custom fills its literary department with interesting articles. This number contains the Rev. Dr. Baird's instructive and entertaining oration on The Scholar's Duty and Opportunity.

Among our exchanges we notice the following new ones: *Lincolnism*, *The University Review* and the *Portfolio*.

We note the following: Adelphian, Ariel, Bates Student, Benson, Cadet, Chironian, Colby Echo, College Argus, College Herald, College Journal, College Mercury, College Rambler, Cynic, Dartmouth, Del. College Review, Fortnight, Havorfordian, Irving Lit. Gazette, Lombard Review, News Letter, Normal News, Northwestern, Oberlin Review, Orient, Ottawa Campus. Pacific Pharos, Phillipian, Princetonian, Purdue, Rochester Review, Rouge et Noir, Sunbeams, Targum, Troy Polytechnic, Tuftonian University, W. I. T., York Collegian.

REVIEWS.

We take great delight in submitting to our readers the following extract from the "Dream of Russia." Its author, Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., LL.D., was president of this college, and in the article we recognize the dear old "Prex." Eminently fitted by experience and sagacity for the position he had at the head of the American contingent of foreign missions in Constantinople, *he* it was who founded and built Roberts College there, and to-day the graduates of that college are in the foremost ranks of the patriots of Bulgaria, who are fighting superstition, degradation and slavery personified by the Czar or Sultan. In some not far distant day, when peace and righteousness shall reign on the banks of the Danube, a nation, free to worship the true God, will rise up to bless the memory of the greatest instrument of their freedom, through God, Cyrus Hamlin, ex-President of Middlebury College.

EDITOR.

THE DREAM OF RUSSIA.

BY CYRUS HAMLIN.

When Plevna fell, the object of Russia, as diplomatically stated, was attained. Bulgaria was in her possession. It was hers by conquest; and had she stopped there she could have expanded into European Turkey at her leisure and Europe would not have interfered. But, as often before, her military officers and counselors—General Ignatieff especially, who has always known how to ruin success, and who was at that time supreme—cast aside all prudence, rushed across the Balkans in winter, with the loss of twenty thousand men, and were almost at the gates of Constantinople before astonished Europe could act.

At Buyuk Tchekmedje, the British iron-clads saved the city. The approaching army could not avoid them. Russia had broken the treaty of Paris, and was building a fleet, but had nothing in readiness to enable her to appear on the water. The army stopped, as stop it must. For there was a point where "the whale" could fight "the elephant," but not the elephant the whale.

Then followed the celebrated treaty of San Stefano, between Russia and Turkey, March 3, 1878. So soon as Europe had time to study the treaty, and get at the geography of it, it saw that Turkey had ceased to exist. The fine phrases that showed the contrary had no substantial meaning. England demanded that the treaty be submitted to a convention of the great powers, signatories of the treaty of Paris, and received a courteous but haughty negative. General Ignatieff had boastingly said, "J'y suis; j'y reste!"

Lord Beaconsfield had, in the mean time, brought up seven thousand Sepoys from India into the Mediterranean, as an intimation of the vast number of Sepoys and Moslems at England's command. The war had already made unlooked-for demands upon the army and the treasury. The indignation of Europe was rising to a dangerous pitch, and Russia changed her tone. "The treaty was elastic, and would admit of any modifications that the great powers might deem necessary."

Hence the great Congress of Berlin, which required that Russia should withdraw all her troops from European Turkey within a specified time. Then the delimitations of the treaty were materially changed, and the principality of Bulgaria was organized. Unwisely, this enterprising, thrifty, and united people was divided, by the Balkan Mountains, into two governments. The portion between the Balkans and the Danube was the principality; that south of the Balkans, under the name of Eastern Roumelia, remained nominally under tbe Sultan, but with great municipal freedom. The pridcipality was made self-governing. Its young patriots, many of them educated at Robert College, intelligent students of American history and of the Constitution of the United States, took the lead in the formation of the government, and greatly disgusted the Russian agents. They chose Prince Alexander, and he gradually fell in with the policy of these eager young Bulgarians. Russia's firm purpose to upset this free government, and to expel the prince, beloved by all the people, is the cause of the present Bulgarian complication.

Our object has been simply to delineate enough of Russia's achievements and of Ottoman resistance to present the two powers as they now stand: the one, mighty and aspiring; the other, impoverished, bankrupt, discouraged. The one, during the long conflict of four centuries, has increased her territory more than tenfold, and her population to a hundred millions. The other has lost in almost every war, until she has only a foothold in Europe; and her Asiatic possessions are growing beautifully less. As a combatant, she has ceased to be. As an auxiliary, she can still furnish splendid soldiers.

And yet the dream of Russia is not realized! United Europe stands in the way. The possession of Constantinople will, in time, if realized, make Russia

great at sea. She would have the Black Sea, the Marmora, the Mediterranean. She would next grasp at Egypt and the Indian Empire; and England, France, and Italy would be reduced to comparative insignificance. As she would then command the Danube, and would crush the hated Hungarians, Austria and Germany may have reason to look upon the future with solicitude. Putting off the evil day will not save them. The real contest is no longer between Russia and Turkey, but between Russia and Europe.—*December Atlantic.*

SPORTING.

Candidates for the Yale nine will begin active training at the beginning of next term.

Keefe, of the New Yorks, has been engaged to coach the Williams nine during the winter.

Brinley, '87, the champion college tennis player, plays half-beck on the Trinity football team.

Beecher, the famous Yale "quarter-back," is a grandson of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Finley, the old catcher of the Columbia college nine, has not been reserved by the New Yorks for next year.

E. C. Carter, N. Y. A. C., broke the ten-mile record Saturday, November 5, covering the distance in 52 : 58 3-5.

Guy Richards, '87, the well-known high-jumper, has been elected captain of the Columbia crew for the ensuing year.

The average weight of the Princeton eleven is 170 pounds; of the Harvard eleven 167 pounds; of the Yale eleven 162 pounds.—*Yale News.*

Ames, '90, won the cup offered to the member of the American eleven scoring the most touchdowns in championship games, obtaining seven in all.

Williams, by defeating Amherst, Saturday, November 20, has won the championship of the Northern New England Intercollegiate Football League.

W. Ford, the New York Athletic Club's all-round athlete has been declared a professional by the board of investigation. The matter is still to come up before the national committee of athletes.

The championship will not be awarded this year in the Intercollegiate Football League, although the Thanksgiving game between Yale and Princeton has been given to Yale.

The Yale Freshmen are contesting their game with Harvard, on the ground that two men who were not Freshmen played on the Harvard team. The matter has been left to an arbitration committee.

SOME COLLEGE LYRICS.

"O FICKLE MUSE."

O FICKLE Muse, to thee to-night
Shall be the verses I recite,
Best loved of all the mythic train
That crowd the channels of my brain
And fill its corridors with light.

Ah, maiden fair, your hands so white
Beckon me on in pathways bright,
But then I search for *you* in vain,
O fickle Muse.
How often by my cunning sleight
I've thought I held you fast and tight;
A moment in my arms you've lain,
Showing your love that instant plain,
Then in another out of sight,
O Fickle Muss!

—*Dartmouth.*

AN INVITATION.

THE store was dimly lighted, and
The clerk my wants employed
Leaned o'er the counter toward me, while
Her listless finger toyed
Among some samples of the trade
Surmounted by a card which said,
"Take one."

She raised the placard carelessly,
Until it touched her lips;
She seemed to hide a kiss behind
Her slender finger tips;
Her blue eyes plainly seemed to say,
"You can't, but don't you wish you may!"
Her lips were smiling coyly, though,—
I looked once at the card, and so
Took one. —*Yale Record.*

IT HAS A MAN IN IT.

THE banjo now is put away,
Ceased the piano din,
And fair and gentle maidens play
The mandolin.

In throngs the beaux around them come,
And hearts the maidens win,
As on the stoop they sit and thrum
The mandolin.

WHY NOT?

MY father this day writeth me,
The girl whom he heard me tell
Was young when *he* became A. B.,
Then is she not a "chestnut" belle? —*Dartmouth.*

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which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburgh will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals Q. A. Gilmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November. Two novelettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Hallock Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES

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